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THE BLACK ROBE.

By Wilkie Collins.

—AUTHOR OF—

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOON STONE," "AFTER DARK," "NO NAME," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE LAW AND THE LADY," "THE NEW MAGDALES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

There was not a sound in the room. Romyne stood looking at the priest.

"Did you hear what I said?" Father Benwell asked.

"Yes."

"Do you understand that I really mean what I said?"

He made no reply—he waited, like a man expecting to hear more.

Father Benwell was alive to the vast importance of such a moment of not shrinking from the responsibility which he had assumed.

"I see how I distress you," he said; "but for your sake I am bound to speak out. Romyne, the woman whom you have married is the wife of another man! Don't ask me how I know it—I do know it. You shall have positive proof as soon as you have recovered. Come! rest a little in the easy-chair."

He took Romyne's arm and led him to the chair, and made him drink some wine. They waited a while. Romyne lifted his head with a heavy sigh.

"The woman whom I have married is the wife of another man." He slowly repeated the words to himself and then looked at Father Benwell. "Who is the man?" he asked.

"I introduced you to him when I was ignorant of the circumstances as you are," the priest answered. "The man is Mr. Bernard Winterfield."

Romyne half-raised himself from the chair. A momentary anger glittered in his eyes and faded out again, extinguished by the nobler emotions of grief and shame. He remembered Winterfield's introduction to Stella.

"Her husband?" he said, speaking again to himself. "And she let me introduce him to her. And she received him as if he were a friend. The proofs, if you please, sir," he resumed, with sudden animosity. "I don't want to hear any particulars. It will be enough for me if I know beyond all doubt that I have been deceived and disgraced."

Father Benwell unlocked his desk and placed two papers before Romyne. He did his duty with a grave indifference to all minor considerations. The time had not yet come for expressions of sympathy and regret.

"The first paper," he said, "is a certified copy of the register of the marriage of Miss Eyrecount to Mr. Winterfield, celebrated (as you will see) by the English chaplain at Brussels, and witnessed by three persons. Look at the names."

The bride's mother was the first witness. The two names that followed were the names of Lord and Lady Loring. "They too, in the conspiracy to deceive me!" Romyne said, as he laid the paper back on the table.

"Obtained that piece of written evidence," Father Benwell proceeded, "by the help of a reverend colleague of mine residing at Brussels. I will give you his name and address if you wish to make further inquiries."

"Quite needless. What is this other paper?"

"This other paper is an extract from the shorthand writer's notes (suppressed in the reports of the public journals) of proceedings in an English court of law obtained at my request by my lawyer in London."

"What have I to do with it?"

He put the question in tone of passive endurance—resigned to the severest social martyrdom that could be inflicted on him.

"I will answer you in two words," said Father Benwell. "In justice to Miss Eyrecount, I am bound to produce her excuse for marrying you."

Romyne looked at him in sterna amazement.

"Excuse!" he repeated.

"Yes—excuse. The proceedings to which I have alluded declare Miss Eyrecount's marriage to Mr. Winterfield to be null and void—by the English law—in consequence of his having been married at the time to another woman. Try to follow me. I will put it as briefly as possible. In justice to yourself and to your future career you must understand this revolting case thoroughly from beginning to end."

With those prefatory words he told the story of Winterfield's first marriage, altering nothing, concealing nothing, doing the fullest justice to Winterfield's innocence of all evil motive from first to last.

"You were mortified and I was surprised," he went on, "when Mr. Winterfield dropped his acquaintance with you. We now know that he acted like an honorable man."

He waited to see what effect he had produced. Romyne was in no state of

mind to do justice to Winterfield or to any one. His pride was mortally wounded; his high sense of honor and delicacy writhed under the outrage inflicted on it.

"And mind this," Father Benwell persisted, "poor human nature has its right to all that can be justly conceded in the way of excuse and allowance. Miss Eyrecount would naturally be advised by her friends, would naturally be eager on her own part, to keep hidden from you what happened at Brussels. A sensitive woman, placed in a position so horribly false and degrading, must not be too severely judged, even when she does wrong. I am bound to say this—and more. Speaking from my own knowledge of all the parties I have no doubt that Miss Eyrecount and Mr. Winterfield did really part at the church door."

Romyne answered by a look so disdainfully expressive of the most invulnerable belief that it absolutely justified the fatal advice by which Stella's worldly-wise friends had encouraged her to come at the truth. Father Benwell prudently closed his lips. He had put the case with perfect fairness; his bitterest enemy could not have denied that.

Romyne took up the second paper, looked at it and threw it back again on the table with an expression of disgust.

"You told me just now," said he, "that I was married to the wife of another man, and there is the judge's decision releasing Miss Eyrecount from her marriage to Mr. Winterfield. May I ask you to explain yourself?"

"Certainly. Let me first remind you that you owe religious allegiance to the principles which the church has asserted for centuries past, with all the authority of its divine institution. You admit that?"

"I admit it."

"Now, listen. In our church, Romyne, marriage is even more than a religious institution—it is a sacrament. We acknowledge no human laws which profane that sacrament. Take two examples of what I say. When the great Napoleon was at the height of his power, the Seventh refused to acknowledge the validity of the emperor's second marriage to Maria Louisa while Josephine was living, divorced by the French senate. Again, in the face of the royal marriage act, the church sanctioned the marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert to George the Fourth, and still declares in justice to her memory, that she was the king's lawful wife. In one word, marriage, to be marriage at all, must be the object of a purely religious celebration—and, this condition complied with, marriage is only to be dissolved by death. You remember what I told you of Mr. Winterfield?"

"Yes. His first marriage took place before the registrar."

"In plain English, Romyne, Mr. Winterfield and the woman rider in the circus pronounced a formula of words before a layman in an office. This is not only no marriage; it is a blasphemous profanation of a holy rite. Acts of parliament which sanction such proceedings are acts of infidelity. The church declares it in defense of religion."

"I understand you," said Romyne. "Mr. Winterfield's marriage at Brussels—"

"Which the English law," Father Benwell interposed, "declares to be annulled by the marriage before the registrar stands good, nevertheless, by the higher law of the church. Mr. Winterfield is Miss Eyrecount's husband as long as they both live. An ordained priest performed the ceremony in a consecrated building, and Protestant marriages, so celebrated, are marriages acknowledged by the Catholic church. Under those circumstances the ceremony which afterward united you to Miss Eyrecount—though neither you nor the clergyman were to blame—was a mere mockery. Need I say more? Shall I leave you for a while by yourself?"

"No! I don't know what I may think, I don't know what I may do, if you leave me by myself."

Father Benwell took a chair by Romyne's side. "It has been my hard duty to grieve and humiliate you," he said. "Do you hear me no ill will?" He held out his hand.

Romyne took it as an act of justice if not as an act of gratitude.

"Can I be of any use in advising you?" Father Benwell asked.

"Who can advise a man in my position?" Romyne bitterly rejoined.

"I can at least suggest that you should take time to think over your position."

"Time—take time? You talk as if my situation was endurable."

"Everything is endurable, Romyne."

"It may be so to you, Father Benwell. Did you part with your humanity when you put on the black robe of the priest?"

"I parted, my son, with those weaknesses of our humanity on which women practice. You talk of your position. I will put it before you at its worst."

"For what purpose?"

"To show you exactly what your position is. Judged by the law of England Mrs. Romyne is your wife. Judged by the principles held sacred among the

religious community to which you belong she is not Mrs. Romyne—she is Mrs. Winterfield—living with you in adultery. If you regret your conversation—"

"I don't regret it, Father Benwell."

"If you renounce the holy aspirations which you have yourself acknowledged to me, return to your domestic life. But don't ask me, while you are living with that lady, to acknowledge you as a member of our communion."

Romyne was silent. The more violent emotions aroused in him had, with time, subsided into calm. Tenderness, mercy, past affection found their opportunity, and pleaded with him. The priest's bold language had missed the object at which it aimed. It had revived in Romyne's memory the image of Stella in the days when he had first seen her. How gently her influence had wrought on him for good; how tenderly, how truly she had loved him.

"Give me some more wine," he cried. "I feel faint and giddy. Don't despise me, Father Benwell; I was once a fond of her!"

The priest poured out the wine.

"I feel for you," he said. "Indeed, indeed I feel for you."

"Let me mention one circumstance," Father Benwell proceeded, "which may help to relieve you for the moment. In your present state of mind you cannot return to the Retreat."

"Impossible!"

"I have had a room prepared for you in this house. Here, free from any disturbing influence, you can shape the future course of your life. If you wish to communicate with your residence at Highgate—"

"Don't speak of it!"

Father Benwell sighed.

"Ah, I understand!" he said, sadly. "The house associated with Mr. Winterfield's visit is—"

Romyne again interrupted him, this time by gesture only. The hand that had made the sign clinched itself when it rested afterward on the table. His eyes looked downward under frowning brows. At the name of Winterfield recollections that poisoned every better influence in him rose venomously in his mind. Once more he loathed the deceit that had been practiced on him. Once more the detestable thought of that asserted parting at the church-door recurred to his steadily tormented and reasonless mind as if in words—She has deceived you in one thing, why not in another?

"Can I see my lawyer here?" he asked, suddenly.

"My dear Romyne, you can see any one whom you like to invite."

"I shall not trouble you by staying very long, Father Benwell."

"Do nothing in a hurry, my son. Pray do nothing in a hurry!"

Romyne paid no attention to this entreaty. Shrinking from the momentous decision that awaited him, his mind instinctively took refuge in the prospect of change of scene. "I shall leave England," he said, impatiently.

"Not alone," Father Benwell remonstrated.

"Who will be my companion?"

"I will," the priest answered.

Romyne's weary eyes brightened faintly. In his desolate position Father Benwell was the one friend on whom he could rely. Penrose was far away; the Loring had helped to keep him deceived; Major Hynde had openly pitied and despised him.

"Can you go with me at any time?" he asked. "Have you no duties that keep you in England?"

"My duties, Romyne, are already confided to other hands."

"Then you have foreseen this?"

"I have foreseen it. Your journey may be long or your journey may be short; you shall not go away alone."

"I can think of nothing yet; my mind is a blank," Romyne confessed, sadly.

"I don't know where I shall go."

"I know where you ought to go and where you will go," said Father Benwell, emphatically.

"Where?"

"To Rome."

Romyne understood the true meaning of that brief reply. A vague sense of dismay began to rise in his mind. While he was still tortured by doubt it seemed as if Father Benwell had, by some inscrutable process of provision, planned out his future beforehand. Had the priest foreseen events? No; he had only foreseen possibilities on the day when it first occurred to him that Romyne's marriage was assailable before the court of Romyne's conscience, from the Roman Catholic point of view. Thus far he had modestly described himself as his reverend colleagues as regarding his position toward Romyne in a new light. His next letter told him to explain to them what he had really meant. The victory was won. Not a word more passed between his guest and himself that morning.

Before post-time, on the same day, Father Benwell wrote his last report to the secretary of the Society of Jesus in these lines:

"Romyne is free from the domestic ties that bound him. He bequeaths Vange Abbey as a legacy to the church, and he acknowledges a vocation for the

priesthood. Expect us at Rome in a fortnight's time."

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

AFTER THE STORY.

Extracts from Bernard Winterfield's Diary.

L.—WINTERFIELD DEFENDS HIMSELF.

"Beaupark House, June 17, 18—.

"You and I, Cousin Beemister, seldom meet. But I occasionally hear of you from friends acquainted with both of us."

"I have heard of you last at Sir Philip's rent-day dinner a week since. My name happened to be mentioned by one of the gentlemen present, a guest like yourself. You took up the subject of your own free will and spoke of me in these terms:

"I am sorry to say it of the existing head of the family, but Bernard is really unfit for the position which he holds. He has to say the least of it, compromised himself and his relatives on more than one occasion. He began as a young man by marrying a circus rider. He got into some other scrape after that which he has contrived to keep a secret from us. We only know how disgraceful it must have been by the results; he was a voluntary exile from England for more than a year. And now, to complete the list, he has mixed himself up in that miserable and revolting business of Lewis Romyne and his wife."

"If any other person had spoken of me in this manner I should have set him down as a mischievous idiot, to be kicked, perhaps, but not to be noticed in any way."

"With you the case is different. I die without male or female offspring the Beaupark estate goes to you as next heir."

"I don't choose to let a man in this position slander me and those dear to me without promptly contradicting him. The name I bear is precious to me in memory of my father. Your unswerving report of me, coming from a member of the family, will be received as truth. Rather than let this be revealed to you, without reserve, some of the saddest passages of my life. I have nothing to be ashamed of, and if I have hitherto kept certain events in the dark it has been for the sake of others, not for my own sake. I know better now. A woman's reputation—if she is a good woman—is not easily compromised by telling the truth. The person of whom I am thinking when I write this knows what I am going to do and approves of it."

"You will receive with these lines the most perfectly candid statement that I can furnish, being extracts cut out of my own private diary. They are accompanied (where plain necessity seems to call for it) by the written evidence of other persons."

"There has never much sympathy between us. But you have been brought up like a gentleman, and when you have read my narrative I expect that you will do justice to me and to others, even though you think we acted indiscreetly under trying and critical circumstances."

"B. W."

14.—WINTERFIELD MAKES STATEMENTS.

11th April, 1859.—Mrs. Eyrecount and her daughter have left Beaupark to-day for London. Have I really made any impression on the heart of the beautiful Stella? In my miserable position—ignorant whether I am free or not—I have shrunk from formally acknowledging that I love her."

12th.—I am becoming superstitious! In the ordinary of to-day's Times the death is recorded of that unhappy woman whom I was mad enough to marry. After hearing nothing of her for seven years I am free! Surely this is a good omen! Shall I follow the Eyrecounts to London and declare myself? I have not confidence enough in my own power of attraction to run the risk. Better to write first in strictest confidence, to Mrs. Eyrecount."

14th.—An enchanting answer from my angel's mother, written in great haste. They are on the point of leaving for Paris. Stella is restless and dissatisfied; she wants change of scene; and Mrs. Eyrecount adds, in so many words: "It is you who have upset her; why did you not speak while we were at Beaupark?" I am to hear again from Paris. Good old Father Newbiss said all along that she was fond of me, and wondered, like Mrs. Eyrecount, why I failed to declare myself. How could I tell them of the hideous fates which bound me in those days?

15th, Paris.—She has accepted me! Words are useless to express my happiness."

19th.—A letter from my lawyer full of professional subtleties and delays. I have no patience to enumerate them. We move to Belgium to-morrow. Not on my way back to England; Stella is so little desirous of leaving the continent that we are likely to be married abroad. But she is weary of the perpetual gayety and glitter of Paris, and wants to see the old Belgium cities. Her mother leaves Paris with regret. The liveliest woman of her age that I ever met with."

7th May, Brussels.—My blessing on the old Belgian cities. Mrs. Eyrecount is so eager to get away from them that she backs me in hurrying the mar-

riage, and even consents, solely against the grain, to let the wedding be celebrated at Brussels in a private and unpretending way. She has only stipulated that Lord and Lady Loring (old friends) are to be present. They are to arrive to-morrow, and two days afterward we are to be married."

(An inclosure is inserted in this place. It consists of the death-bed confessions of Winterfield's first wife and of the explanatory letter written by the rector of Belhaven. The circumstances related in these documents, already known to the reader, are left to speak for themselves, and the Extracts from the Diary are then continued.)

19th May, Bingen-on-the-Rhine.—Letters from Devonshire at last, which relieve my wretchedness in some small degree. The frightful misfortune at Brussels will at least be kept secret, so far as I am concerned. Beaupark house is shut up and the servants are dismissed, "in consequence of my residence abroad." To Father Newbiss I have privately written, telling him that the marriage is broken off; he writes back (good old man!) a kind and comforting letter. It all seems safe so far. Time will, I suppose, help me to bear my sad lot. And perhaps a day may come when Stella and her friends will know how cruelly they have wronged me."

London, 18th November, 1860.—The old wound has been opened again. I met her accidentally in a picture gallery. She turned deadly pale, and left the place. Oh, Stella! Stella!

London, 19th August, 1861.—Another meeting with her. And another and a worse about to endure. I went to visit an agreeable new acquaintance, Mr. Romyne. His wife drove up to the house while I was looking out of window. I recognized Stella! After two years she has made use of the freedom which the law has given to her. I must not complain of that, or of her treating me like a stranger, when her husband innocently introduced us. But, when we were afterward left together for a few minutes—no! I cannot write down the merciless words she said to me. Why am I fool enough to be as fond of her as ever?

Beaupark, 10th November.—Stella's married life is not likely to be a happy one. To-day's newspaper announces the conversion of her husband to the Roman Catholic faith. I can honestly say I am sorry for her, knowing how she has suffered, among her own relatives, by these conversions. But I so hate him, that this proof of his weakness is a downright consolation to me."

Beaupark, 27th January, 1862.—A letter from Stella, so startling and deplorable that I cannot remain away from her after reading it. Her husband has deliberately deserted her. He has gone to Rome to serve his term of probation for the priesthood. I travel to London by to-day's train."

(To be Continued.)

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

Eph had his life insured for five hundred dollars, in favor of his little boy of four or five summers. Subsequently, Eph's wife left him, taking the boy with her. Eph continued saving wood as usual, laying up a few dollars each month, thinking he would soon go and bring back his little boy, and care for him without the aid of his wife."

About six weeks after the wife and boy had gone, there came, in a round about way, the report that Eph's boy was dead. Eph was wild with grief for a few days; then concluded that the boy was better dead than with his mother, who really was a worthless creature."

One day Eph was hard at work on a big pile of maple wood, when suddenly an idea struck him, and, dropping his saw, he made a bee-line for Mr. J.'s insurance office. Arriving there, he doffed his cap, and, approaching the agent, he spluttered out:

"Mistah J., 's cum fur dat 'insurance money."

"What insurance money, Eph? I don't know what you mean."

"W'y, don't yuh member, sah, dat I got my life 'insured for my boy 'bout six months ago? An' now, sah, de little fellow 's gone, an' 's cum fur to git de 'insurance money 'fore my wife gits here and frinds me of it, sah."

And it took the obliging insurance man an hour to satisfy Eph that there was no money due him."

OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINION.

Just in proportion as we live upright, honorable, self-respecting lives do we earn the right to the esteem of others. The desire of acquiring this right is a high and noble one, and will always lead to right action. The desire for esteem itself, when mingled with this, is good and wholesome; it is only when separated from this that it is weak and injurious. The desire for that to which we have no right, leads to every species of meanness and wrong-doing; and the desire for esteem without the desire of deserving it, is the foundation of all hypocrisy."

It is true that the more we try to acquire the right to be esteemed, the less readily shall we crave the esteem itself. The former becomes so much more gratifying that we sometimes feel almost strong enough and happy enough, to do without the latter. Yet to him that hath shall be given; and he who enjoys the consciousness of deserving the esteem of his fellow-men will be the continual recipient of their esteem, although he of all others may have become best able to do without it."

ART PATRONS

WHO COULDN'T AGREE ON DETAILS.

Among the latest victims of the decorative art epidemic is Mrs. Olivet. The disease, in her case, has assumed such a violent form, that she paints at a table on a dinner-plate, her husband is obliged to toss up a cent to decide whether it is a stork standing on one foot or a light-house standing in the ocean."

Mrs. Olivet exhibited the first symptoms of the artistic craze one day last week, when she came home accompanied by a pound of tea and a chromo.

"Isn't it lovely?" she asked, holding it out for Mr. Olivet to admire.

"I think so, dear," replied her husband, in a chilling tone, "that the chromo is defective."

"The what?" she demanded, with some asperity. "Are you blind? That's not a shagreen; it's an old windmill—and it is so as usual."

"The picture is devoid of realism," continued Mr. Olivet.

"Perhaps it is—but here's a cow, and that is more picturesque in a work of art than a real lion. The cow looks real, too."

"And the subject doesn't show careful handling," continued the husband, who had no "gush" in his nature.

"It doesn't show careful handling?" echoed Mrs. Olivet. "Why, it has been handled so careful that there isn't a scratch on it."

"I mean it is lacking in details," explained Mr. Olivet.

"In the tails?" sneered Mrs. O. "Why, the cow has one tail, and how many more do you want her to have? But isn't that old tree in the four ground—'four ground' is what the man in the store called it, but I see only one ground— isn't that old blasted giant of the forest to be seen?"

"The blasted old giant," replied the critic, unnecessarily emphasizing "blasted," "is carelessly manipulated. The work, as a whole, lacks breadth."

"Lacks breadth?" exclaimed Mrs. Olivet, mentally taking the dimensions of the chromo. "Why, it is about eighteen inches wide, and that is breadth enough, when it is framed to fill the space between the parlor windows."

"The chromo," continued the fault-finding husband, "is not good."

"The take which? What do you call the take now? That?"—indicating an object on the "canvas." "That," she explained, "is not a take neck. It is an old woman taking home a bundle of fags."

"But it has no perspective," persisted Mr. O.

"Well, I know it hasn't," admitted Mrs. Olivet. "The artist didn't have room to put a perspective in without crowding out the windmill, or the cow or the old woman, and I'd rather have them in a work of art than half a dozen per cent of perspective."

"The clouds," continued the fault-finding husband, "are too heavily massed; the treatment is flippant and incoherent; the subtleties of feeling are not manifest; the accessories—"

"Oh," interrupted Mrs. Olivet, "I don't care for such things in a picture. The colors are awful sweet—the red on the cow is just the shade of the ribbon on my new spring bonnet—and you may call it as many hard names as you like, but you can't truthfully say that it is not a prettier picture than the faded 'old master' that was sold for three thousand dollars down at the art store last week."

And he couldn't.—Puck.

MAGNIFICENT CHURCH.

Of the many religious edifices of the republic of Mexico, there is none whose facade is so compared with that of the cathedral in the city of Mexico. Indeed, we have authority for saying that there is nothing in all the world in the matter of religious architecture to equal in beauty the front entrances of this rich and costly structure, which was erected shortly subsequent to the conquest of the country by Cortez. The sculpture is really wonderful for its richness and delicacy of tracery, in which life-size statues of Christ and his apostles are introduced. It is said the cost of the facade was upward of half a million of dollars, which at the time it was erected was a more than adequate price for the Aztec race."

Young, in his introduction to the "History of Mexico," says: "The Mexican churches are splendid structures, and are the depositories of immense wealth which has been accumulating for centuries." The editor of "Motte Century," in describing the city of Mexico, says of this Basilica: "In magnificence and richness the cathedral surpasses all the churches in the world. The balustrade which surrounds the great altar is composed of massive silver. A lamp of the same metal is of so vast a size that three men go into it when it has to be cleaned, and it is enriched with lion's heads and other ornaments in pure gold. The statues of the Virgin (to whom the church is dedicated) and the saints, are either made of massive silver or richly gilded and ornamented with precious stones." The cathedral was erected on the site of an ancient Aztec altar; but either in consequence of the haste with which the foundations were laid or the great weight of the earthy building, capable of containing eight thousand worshippers, sunk some years ago about six feet. This has partially impaired the beauty of the interior, but it has in no degree injured the solidity of the walls."

There seems to be no question that polled cattle can be bred at least ten per cent. cheaper than the horned. They are harmless as sheep and exceedingly tractable. They can be transported to market at less cost and much more comfort to themselves than the horned. When slaughtered, their meat always brings the top price, and their hides, being entirely exempt from holes and scars made by the horns of their associates, also bring money. It would seem as though the introduction of such a breed was a matter of national importance.—Western Farm and Home.

FARM TOPICS

No man will ever get a first-rate, even, or profitable flock of sheep, who does not make a practice of yearly culling.

It is claimed that more rain falls now in Nebraska than formerly, and that this rainfall is increasing with the march of settlement and consequent cultivation.

No farmer should buy commercial fertilizers in large quantities until he understands in some degree, the wants of his land and the particular crops he wishes to grow, and is able to apply fertilizers intelligently.

Ensilage, railroads and electricity are laid down by Mr. Atkinson as three things that are to work the most rapid and beneficial results in our national future, and to make this world worth living in some time longer.

A Mississippi planter wanted to turn his land into a stock farm. His neighbors, who stick to cotton, applied to a court for an injunction to restrain him from sowing grass-seed, on the ground that the grass would spread over adjoining plantations and unfit the ground for cotton. The injunction was granted.

Telegraphic reports from every spring which grows wheat in the Northwest, covering several hundred reports, show that the situation may be said to be highly encouraging, for the best reports come from localities where the most spring wheat is raised, and, for the most part, least encouraging reports are from sections where winter wheat has been found the most profitable.

By keeping the soil beneath charged with moisture, forest regions tend to make gradual and constant the supply of water to the rivers, and give uniformity to the flow; and hence, when forests are cut away, the rains reach speedily the streams, making them liable to alternate periods of wasteful violence and worthless feebleness.

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SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1881.

NEWS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS.

MANCHESTER.

Forty years ago where this city now
stands was a small town. Men who
are now in the prime of life can remem-
ber when there was nothing but a few
scrub oaks and stunted pines where now
rises thirty-two thousand people. There
were then contained but a very few in-
habitants, and the only store was at
Manchester Centre, which, then as now,
was but a small hamlet. At that time
what was the city was bought for a
few thousand dollars. Now the valuation
is one sixth of the entire state, and
nothing but her unrivalled water power
has given her the position of a city. It
is held at an enormous figure. If you buy
a house, one-third of the money goes for
the land that the building covers, and
yet building is going on rapidly in all
parts of the city. Over two hundred
buildings will be built during this season.
You can get some idea of how much of
an addition this city has made to this
number from one corner of Plym-
outh.

POLITICAL.

The breaking of the deadlock at
Washington hardly created a commotion
here, and the only thing that has been
in political circles is who is to be
speaker of our House of Representatives
next June at Concord. Hereabout the
choice seems to be that of Robinson
of Concord shall fill the place. Mr. Rob-
inson is a young lawyer of great ability,
and his genial ways and pleasant man-
ners have won him the favor of the
people in all parts of the state, and if he
is chosen to the speakership, he will un-
doubtedly make a very popular presiding
officer. One of the strongest friends of
this is that the Union has tried to throw
mod at him, and finding nothing against
him, the Union tants him with his age.
Now if it is a crime to be young, we are
all guilty, but this leads me to say that
the best speakers of the House that we
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ATTENTION

Is called to the fact that our
PHOSPHATES are having a
LARGER SALE than any pre-
vious season. No better evidence
of their superiority is needed.

Those intending to use the STOCK-
BRIDGE MANURES need do well to
purchase at once before our assortment
is broken.

Mason, Weeks & Co.
CAMPION.

Those of our citizens who were not
invited to subscribe for the stock in the
Telephone company No. 1, until after they
had been about the city in the cold, who
do not now appear at all anxious to take
stock, even if the last vote of the com-
pany to run the wires upon the east side
of the city had been about the city in the
cold. The writer, having been invited
by neither the friends of No. 1 or No. 2
to take stock, has the privilege of
writing for the "wagon" and of taking
notice of the movements of the wires
(not waters!) Don't some of the gentle-
men now begin to see that an open, fair,
public demonstration, in which any or all
might have had an opportunity to ex-
press an interest would have been much better;
and that by such means, much less ill
feeling would have been engendered, and
that general satisfaction would have been
the result, whether the line be established
ultimately upon either side of said river.
Our correspondent, Mr. Editor, will not
object to the wires being run over my
premises, where the much despised (by some)
"Hollow folks" are accommodated
with an office or not. The business of
locating offices of this kind, belongs to
the will of the majority who may be in-
terested in or affected by the business
transactions of the office; and if all in-
terested are properly informed, they will
usually be found ready to respond to re-
quests to come out and see and hear the
propositions of the leaders of any public
enterprise. Our town people have it
ways been somewhat noted for their
readiness to take hold of anything of a
progressive nature, and are not to be dis-
courage by trifling obstacles which hap-
pen to intercept their efforts; but at the
same time they do love fair play. Plant
your telephone poles, gentlemen, just
where you like, and at the same time
place the stakes. Let "Campion" prop-
erty have an office or not just as you see
fit, and we will not quarrel with you. It
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ATTENTION LADIES.

We expect to be able to show our
selections of
DRESS GOODS,
HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c., BY
Wednesday, May 25th.

We cordially invite all, whether
wishing to purchase or not, to call and
examine.

Mason, Weeks & Co.
WOODSTOCK.

The Woodstock Literary Society met
at Isaac Fox's May 10. Daniel B. Barton
was chosen the officer of secretary, in
place of Elmer E. Woodbury who resigned
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HILL AND DRILL
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The Richest Phosphate Manu-
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Bowker's Hill and Drill is a true
bone phosphate, being made of bone
and meat dissolved in acid and con-
tains no muck, sand, dirt or adultera-
tions of any kind.

Mason, Weeks & Co.
WENTWORTH.

The 20th annual meeting of the Grafton
County East Bible Society will be
held at Wentworth, on Tuesday, the
24th of May. Order of exercises:—
9:00 a. m., prayer-meeting, with ser-
mons by Rev. J. D. Barton, 1:30, topic,
Bible revision, opened by Rev. G. H.
Scott; 11:00, sermon by Rev. Mr.
Duckworth; 1:00 p. m., songs by the
children of Sabbath school; 1:30, topic,
the Bible, how best used with the
people, to be opened by Rev. Mr. Darling;
1:40, topics, advantages of the present
method of studying the Bible in our
Sabbath schools, opened by Rev. Mr.
Trow; 1:40, topic, the Bible in the
hand of the missionary, Psalm 119:100,
Rev. G. H. Blakeley; 2:10, addresses to
the children; 2:40, address by Rev. F.
D. Ayer, of Concord; 3:30, Bible work
by the secretary; 3:30, how can our
Bible Meetings be made more useful?
A collection will be provided by the
people of Wentworth, who most cordially
invite us to hold our meeting
with them, and who expect a warm
welcome for a large and good meeting.
Come all who can. Be at the morning
prayer-meeting if possible, as the key-
note to the meeting of the day is then
usually given. President, Rev. J. D.
Tillot; Secretary, W. G. Brown, S.
Quincy Ballou, D. D. S., is expected
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And Rubbers!
OUR STOCK WAS NEVER SO
LARGE AND VARIED BEFORE.

We make this a Specialty and
Guarantee Every Pair Sold to
be as Represented!

Mason, Weeks & Co.
THE MENDELSON PIANO.

The leading papers of the country
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COE'S

AMMONIATED
PHOSPHATE
Sold by us for the past six seasons,
has always proved reliable and
given satisfaction. When-
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with other phos-
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always

DISTANCED ITS COMPETITORS.

Mason, Weeks & Co.
GEORGE W. DOLLOFF,

LAKE VILLAGE, N. H.,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
(Opposite Mt. Belknap House.)
Always keeps all the Latest Novel-
ties of the Market. Orders
delivered at the shortest notice. He
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clothing at low prices. He is
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garments for others to make.
22-15.

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